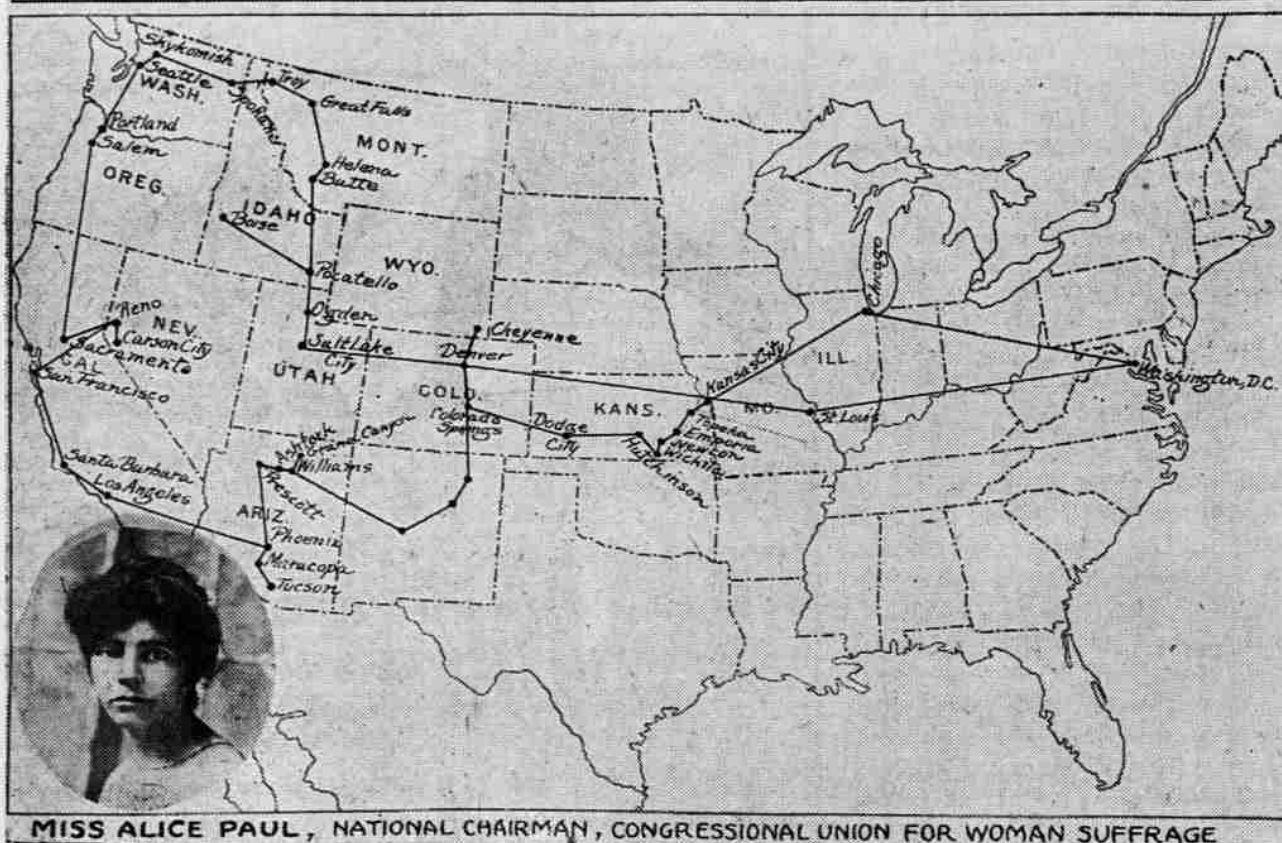


ROUTE OF ENVOYS SENT FROM EAST BY THE CONGRESSIONAL UNION FOR WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE, TO APPEAL TO THE VOTING WOMEN OF THE WEST



MISS ALICE PAUL, NATIONAL CHAIRMAN, CONGRESSIONAL UNION FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE

PARROT & CO.

(Continued from last week.)

"Then you contend that in the hands of the stupid lies the balance of power?"

"Let us not say stupid, rather the unimaginative, the practical and the plodding. The stubbornest person in the world is one with an idea."

"Do you honestly insist that you are mediocre?"

"No," thoughtfully. "I am one of those stubborn men with ideas. I merely insist that I prefer to accept the tenets of mediocrity for my own peace and the peace of others."

Elsa forgot those about her, forgot her intended humiliation of the man at her side. He denied that he was an individual, but he was one, as interesting a one as she had met in a very long time. She, too, had made a blunder. Quick to form opinions, swift to judge, she stood guilty with the com-

mon lot, who permit impressions instead of evidence to sway them. Here was a man.

"We have gone far afield," she said, a tacit admission that she could not refute his dissertations. This knowledge, however, was not irksome.

"Rather have we not come to the bars? Shall we let them down? In the civil and military life on this side of the world there are many situations which we force must tolerate. But these, mind you, are settled conditions. It is upon new ones which arise that we pass judgment. I knew nothing about you, nothing whatever. So I judged you according to the rules."

Elsa leaned upon her elbows, and she smiled a little as she noted that the purple had gone from his nose and that it had resumed its accustomed ruddiness.

"I go on. A woman who travels alone, who does not present letters of introduction, who . . ."

"Who attends strictly to her own affairs. Go on."

Imperturbably he continued: "Who seeks the acquaintance of men who do not belong, as you Americans say."

"Not men; one man," she corrected.

"A trifling difference. Well, it arouses a disagreeable word, suspicion. For look, there have been examples. It isn't as if yours were an isolated case. There have been examples, and these we apply to such affairs as come under our notice."

"And it doesn't matter that you may be totally wrong?"

His prompt answer astonished her. "No, it does not matter in the least. Simmered down, it may be explained in a word, appearances. And I must say, to the normal mind . . ."

"The mediocre mind."

"To the normal and mediocre mind, appearances were against you. Observe, please, that I did not know I was wrong, that you were a remarkable young woman. My deductions were made from what I saw as an outsider. On the irrawaddy you made the acquaintance of a man who came out here a fugitive from justice. After you made his acquaintance, you sought none other, in fact, repelled any advances. This alone decided me."

"Then you were decided?" To say that this blunt exposition was not bitter to her taste, that it did not act like acid upon her pride, would not be true. She was hurt, but she did not let the hurt befog her sense of justice. From his point of view the colonel was in no fault. "Let me tell you how very wrong you were indeed."

"Doubtless," he hastily interposed, "you enveloped the man in a cloud of romance."

"On the contrary, I spoke to him and sought his companionship because he was nothing more nor less than a ghost."

"Ah! Is it possible that you knew him in former times?"

"No. But he was so like the man at home; so identical in features and build to the man I expected to go home to marry. . . ."

"My dear young lady, you are right. Mediocrity is without imagination, stupid, and makes the world a dull place indeed. What woman in your place would have acted otherwise? Instead of one apology I offer a thousand."

"I accept each and all of them. More, I believe that you and I could get on capitally. I can very well imagine the soldier you used to be. I am going to ask you what you know about Mr. Warrington."

"This, that he is not a fit companion for a young woman like yourself; that a detracting rumor follows hard upon his heels wherever he goes. I learned something about him in Rangoon. He is known to the riff-raff as Parrot & Co., and I don't know what else. All of us on shipboard learned his previous history. And not from respectable quarters, either."

"If I had been elderly and without physical attractions?" Elsa inquired sarcastically.

"We are dealing with human nature, mediocrity, and not with speculation. It is in the very nature of things to distrust that which we do not understand. You say, old and without physical attractions. Beauty is of all

things most drawing. We crowd about it, we crown it, we flatter it. The old and unattractive we pass by. If I had not seen you here tonight, heard you talk, saw in a kind of rebellious enchantment over your knowledge of the world and your distinguished acquaintance, I should have gone to my grave believing that my suspicions were correct. I dare say that I shall make the same mistake again."

"Did you learn among other things what Mr. Warrington had done?"

"Yes. A sordid affair. Ordinary speculations that were wasted over gaming tables."

Warrington had told her the truth. At least, the story told by others coincided with his own. But what was it that kept doubt in her mind? Why should she not be ready to believe what others believed, what the man himself had confessed? What was it to her that he looked like Arthur, that he was guilty or innocent?

"And his name?" She wondered if the colonel knew that also.

"Warrington is assumed. His real name is Paul Ellison."

"Paul Ellison," she repeated it slowly. Her voice did not seem her own. The table, the lights, the faces, all receded and became a blur.

CHAPTER XV.

A Bit of a Lark.

Mallow gave Craig one of his favorite cigars. The gambler turned it over and inspected the carnelian label, realizing that this was expected of him. Mallow smiled complacently. They might smoke as good as that at the government house, but he rather doubted it. Trust a Britisher to know a good pipe-charge; but his selection of cigars was seldom to be depended upon.

"Don't see many of these out here," was Craig's comment, and he tucked away the cigar in a vest pocket.

"They cost me forty-three cents apiece, without duty." The vulgarian's pleasure lies not in the article itself so much as in the price paid for it. On the plantation Mallow smoked Burma cheroots because he really preferred them. There, he drank rye whiskey, consorted with his employees, gambled with them and was not above cheating when he had them drunk enough. Away from home, however, he was the man of money; he bought vintage wines when he could, wore silks, jingled the sovereigns whenever he thought someone might listen, bullied the servants, all with the childish belief that he was following the footsteps of aristocracy, hoodwinking no one, not even his kind. "I'm worth a quarter of a million," he went on. "Luck and plugging did it. One of these fine days I'm going to sell out and take a whack at that gay Paris. There's the place to spend your pile. You can't get your money's worth any place else."

Paris. Craig's thought flew back to the prosperous days when he was plying his trade between New York and Cherbourg, on the Atlantic liners, the annual fortnight in Paris and the Grand Prix. He had had his diamonds, then, and his wallet of yellow-backs; and when he had called for vintage wines and choice Havanas it had been for genuine love of them. In his heart he despised Mallow. He knew himself to be a rogue, but Mallow without money would have been a bold predatory scoundrel. Craig knew also that he himself was at soul too cowardly to be more than despicably bad. He envied Mallow's absolute fearlessness, his frank brutality, his strength upon which dissipation had as yet left no mark; and Mallow was easily forty-five.

"When you go to Paris, I'd like to go along."

"You've never let on why they sent you hiking out here," Mallow suggested.

"One of my habits is keeping my mouth shut."

"Regarding your own affairs, yes. But you're willing enough to talk when it comes to giving away the other chap."

"You can play that hand as well as I can." Craig growled toward the

dining room doors.

"Ha! There they come," said Mallow, as a group of men and women issued out into the cafe veranda. "By gad! she is a beauty, and no mistake. And will you look at our friend, the colonel, toddling behind her?"

"If you could get a good look at her when she's angry, you'd change your tune."

Mallow sighed audibly. "Most women are tame, and that's why I've fought shy of the yoke. Yonder's the sort for me. The man who marries her will have his work cut out. It'll take a year or two to find out who's boss; and if she wins, lord help the man!"

Craig eyed the group which was now seated. Two Chinamen were serving coffee and cordials. Mallow was right; beautiful was the word. He poured out for himself a stiff peg and drank it with very little soda.

"Haven't seen the crow anywhere, have you?"

"No, nor want to. Leave him alone."

"Afraid of him, eh?"

"I'm truthful enough to say that I'm damned afraid of him. Don't mistake me. I'd like to see him flat, beaten, down and out for good. I'd like to see him lose that windfall, every cent of it. But I don't want to get in his way just now."

"Rot! Don't you worry; no beach-comber like that can stand up long in front of me. He threatened on board that he was going to collect that fifty pounds. He hasn't been very spry about it."

"I should like to be with you when you meet."

Mallow grinned. "Not above seeing a pal get walloped, eh? Well, you get a ringside ticket. It'll be worth it."

"I don't want to see you get licked," denied Craig irritably. "All I ask is that you shelve some of your cocksureness. I'm not so dead broke that I must swallow all of it. I've warned you that he is a strong man. He used to be one of the best college athletes in America."

"College!" exploded Mallow. "What the devil does a college athlete know about a dock-fight?"

"Ever see a game of football?"

"No."

"Well, take it from me that it's the roughest game going. It's a game where you put your boot in a man's face when he's not looking. Mallow, they kill each other in that game. And Ellison was one of the best, fifteen years ago. He used to wade through a ton of solid, scrapping, plunging flesh. And nine times out of ten he used to get through. I want you to beat him up, and it's because I do that I'm warning you not to underestimate him. On shipboard he handled me as you would a bag of salt; damn him! He's a surprise to me. He looks as if he had lived clean out here. There's no booze sign hanging out on him, like there is on you and me."

"Booze never hurt me any."

"You're galvanized inside," said Craig, staring again at Elsa.

He wished he knew how to hurt her, too. But he might as well throw stones at the stars.

"How would you like to put one over on this chap Ellison?"

"In what way?"

Mallow smoked for a moment, then touched his breast pocket significantly.

"Not for mine," returned Craig. "Cards are my long suit. I'm no second-story man, not yet."

"I know. But supposing you could get it without risk?"

"In the first place, the bulk of his cash is tied up in letters of credit."

"Ah, you know that?"

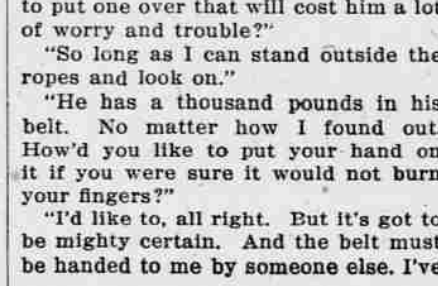
"What good would it do to pinch those? In Europe there would be some chance, but not here where boats are two weeks apart. A cable to Rangoon would shut off all drawing. He could have others made out. In cash he may have a few hundreds."

"All gamblers are more or less yellow," sneered Mallow. "The streak in you is pretty wide. I tell you, you needn't risk your skin. Are you game to put one over that will cost him a lot of worry and trouble?"

"So long as I can stand outside the ropes and look on."

"He has a thousand pounds in his belt. No matter how I found out. How'd you like to put your hand on it if you were sure it would not burn your fingers?"

"I'd like to, all right. But it's got to be mighty certain. And the belt must be handed to me by someone else. I've



"You Fool, I Don't Want Him Out of the Way."

Your Last Chance To Enter Contest

BOYS, now is your last chance to enter the Subscription Contest and win one of the fine prizes offered. This opportunity closes Saturday afternoon, April 22, at four o'clock. Seven weeks for work are left and there is still a good opening for any boy willing to hustle, to enter and win the first prize.

Call at the News office, give in your name, secure a contestant card and begin work. You are sure to win some prize if you work at all and may win the 1st prize.

REMEMBER

Every Renewal counts - 100 Points
Each new subscription, - 200 Points

There are one hundred subscribers to the News whose subscriptions will expire before the contest ends, and there are two hundred people in and about Williams who should be added as new subscribers. Which boy is going to get their votes?

BOYS,

WORK, WORK! WORK!! and never stop till the contest is over, and you will be sure, every one of you who do work, to win one of these prizes:

PRIZES

Remington Repeating Rifle, Johnson & McConkey
Eastman Brownie Kodack, Babbitt-Polson Co.
Set of Boxing Gloves, James Kennedy
Hammer, Saw and Plane, Duffy Bros.
Pocket Knife, Gate City Amusement Parlor
Navajo Rug, Sultana Theatre Co.
Pair of Boys' Shoes, W. C. Rittenhouse

FURNISHED BY

Contestants Must Report Every Saturday.

half a wonder if you're not aiming to get rid of me," with an evil glance at his tempter.

"If I wanted to get rid of you, this'd be the way," said Mallow, opening and shutting his powerful hands. "I'm just hungering for a bit of a lark. Come on. A thousand pounds for taking a little rickshaw ride. Ever hear of Wong's? Opium, pearls, oils and shark fins?"

"No."

"Not many do. I know Singapore like the lines on my hands. Wong is the shrewdest, most lawless Chinaman this side of Canton and Macao. Pipes, pearls and shark fins. Big money. Wong's the man to go to. Want a schooner rigged out for illicit shell hunting? Want a man shark-nated? Want him written down missing? Go to Wong."

"See here, Mallow; I don't mind his being beaten up; but what you say doesn't sound good."

"You fool, I don't want him out of the way. Why should I? But there's that thousand for you and worry for him. All aboard!"

"You don't love Parrot & Co. any more than I do."

"No. I'd sleep better o' nights if I knew he was broken for keeps. Too much red tape to put the United States after him. How'd you rig him?"

"Faro and roulette. They never tumble. I didn't have anything against him until he ran into me at Rangoon. But he's stepped in too many times since. Is this straight?"

(To Be Continued)

Ty Cobb

Famous Ball Player, Says:

"Tuxedo is a good, pure, mild tobacco and makes a wonderfully pleasant pipe-smoke."



Many Famous Athletes—

men of mighty muscle and keen brain, testify that they smoke Tuxedo with never a trace of tongue-bite or throat-parch. That's partly because Tuxedo is mellowed by ageing in wood from three to five years. Ageing is only the beginning—the big thing is the famous "Tuxedo Process," that nobody else can use.

Tuxedo

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Right ageing makes Tuxedo mild, sweet and delicious—the often-imitated—but never equalled "Tuxedo Process" makes Tuxedo the mildest, coolest and most delightful of all tobaccos.

One week of Tuxedo will make you its lifelong friend. Get a tin and smoke it

You can buy Tuxedo everywhere

Pouch 5c

Famous green tin 10c

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c.

In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c.



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